

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

THE

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American Bankers Bribe Russians.

It has been proved many times that a compromise is very harmful to the working class movement. Compromising with the capitalist class means, more or less, selling the working class. And the sooner the working class understand that the better it will be for the labor movement. Who will tell where is the limit of compromise? There are lots of opportunists in the working class movement beginning to compromise for the sake of numbers in the organization. They go as far as to accept bribes, and act treacherously to the working class. The article which appears below will show what compromise means to the working class. It is translated from "Knowledge and Unity," Russian paper published in Brisbane, which reprinted this article from the "Social Democrat," published in Moscow, 14th December, 1917. So it is very clear now why the Social Revolutionaries were so much in favor of the Constituent Assembly, and no wonder that the Bolsheviks—great enemies of compromise—got the majority and the power when the people woke up. — V. Petruchenia

Worse Than Aseff.

"Some days ago appeared a revelation of the personal secretary of Madame Breshkovskaya, by which it was proved that through her the Social Revolutionary Party received from American bankers 2,000,000 dollars, i.e., in Russian money at present time 10,000,000 roubles. The money was given for educational purposes. What is there in common between Russian revolutionaries and American bankers? Where did they get such a love for education? Why was the money given to the Social Revolutionary Party and not to the Cadets? (Constitutional Democrats—Liberals). It seems they are nearer and dearer to the hearts of the bankers. The answer to those questions very common.

"It is necessary to remember that all International Capital is interested in crushing the Russian Revolution, and American bankers are interested, too. Russia is for them a very dainty bit, and Russia will be very injurious to them who boldly entered the list of international robbers, if they are not able to swallow her.

"Russia, liberated from the chains of Czardom, if left to the domination of Capitalism, would undoubtedly serve as a good market for American goods. Everything that was imported from Germany before the war, could be as well supplied by America.

"Let Russia bring the war to a victorious end, that American capital may succeed. That American capital may be strengthened (by additional overseas markets as outlets for the surplus wrung from American Labor!)

"In America it is not quiet. In America the fight of the workers against capitalism grows stronger. So it is necessary to put the dangerous fire in Russia out. If it is impossible to stop the Revolution by force, then it is necessary to deceive the people, and somebody should be employed who could do it! The money was given, and it had been taken by the Social Revolutionaries.

"Why the money was given to the Social Revolutionaries and not to the Cadets is very evident. Nobody will believe the Cadets, but the Social Revolutionaries, ignorant peasants and workers, will believe.

"At the time the money was given the Social Revolutionary Party were in pow-

er (they were in a majority, but it happened they could not hold it). Having their good friendship the American capitalists could after the war obtain a profitable tariff, and the millions of dollars now invested would return good profit.

"Express condition of payment (secret, it was not to be published, i.e., Bribery) was that the S.R. Party should postpone decision of all questions of Revolution till the sitting of the Constitutional Assembly. That is where their pass word came from. (That is the secret of their delay and indefiniteness—tr.) What seems to be the unforgivable mistake and stupidity is common treachery bought for money. For the purpose of having means to publish their literature and papers, the leaders of the S.R. Party were not ashamed to sell the interest of the Revolution for 2,000,000 dollars, or 10,000,000 roubles.

"Any amount of S.R. papers published on the bankers' money. Even Ministers were not too squeamish to take this money. Simeon Masloff, Minister from S.R. Party in Kerensky's Cabinet, and now selected to be representative of the working people in the Constitutional Assembly, received 20,000 roubles for his paper. Unwillingly rises the question, why was there not any report in the paper about that money? Where is it gone to? Was it spent only for S.R. papers and leaflets, or was it spent for some other unknown purpose?

"Many misfortunes fall on the Russian Revolution. There was depravity brought in revolutionaries by the Department of Police. There was provocation. There was Malinovsky. There was Aseff. Political police by menace of hard labor and execution could buy for their service individual revolutionaries, but that was retail purchase.

It was not up till the present time that the wholesale purchase of a whole party was to be.

"If the name of Aseff was left on the blackboard of History, so now on the same board will be written the name of the Social Revolutionary Party. There is no name, no words to brand that what has happened. International Capitalism bought a party which claimed itself Socialistic.

"The matter is not only of Breshkovskaya ("Babushka"), it may be she is a grandmother, and too old, and not responsible for her doing. The matter is in the leaders of the party. The matter is that Simeon Masloff and others who took the money. The matter is that Zexinoff and others, members of the Central Committee, who knew of corruption and did not take any action, but covered the crime. The S.R.'s honestly executed their obligations to the American bankers. For eight months they have been deceiving the people, postponing the reforms till the Constituent Assembly met. They continue to invoke to that Assembly. When it was impossible to deceive the people any more then Rudney and others ordered the junkers in October last to shoot the people."

(The article is signed—Norop.)

RELIEF COMMITTEE OF THE DEPENDENTS OF THE I.W.W. MEN.

Previously acknowledged .. £210 5 10
Frank Brady .. 1 1 6
E. O'Shannessey .. 1 0 0
John Jenkins .. 19 0 0

The Great Criminal.

Socialists are branded by the capitalist governments of the world as criminals, and these criminals in every centre where there is a group have been celebrating the centenary of the birth of the greatest criminal the 19th century produced.

Our rejection of the great man theory need not lead us to the absurd idea that the world gains nothing by the ability of those men of genius who in all ages have appeared and, by their superior mentality and clear thinking, have been able to marshal the facts of social and natural forces, thus giving to the world a clearer view of the many problems that in all ages have confronted humanity.

Of such was Karl Marx, and we Socialists are proud to marshal ourselves and march to the clarion call he gave to the workers of the world.

The life of this great criminal is one long tragedy. Exiled from his native land, and driven from one country to find refuge in others, in the midst of what appeared to be defeat and the downfall of all his ideals, in abject poverty and under social conditions of the most disheartening, he with dogged perseverance set himself the task of analysing the social system under which mankind exist. The result of his labours of research and analysis has given to us, his heirs, the most intellectual movement of all time.

Marx's analysis of social life, and especially of our capitalistic system, has stood the test of 70 years. It has been ignored generally by the servile intellectuals. A conspiracy of silence has been meted out to it. The few who have attempted to reply to it have either deliberately garbled his arguments, or have been so mentally dense that they could not understand them.

The detractors of Marx in the petty servile spirit peculiar to the apologists of the present capitalistic society, accuse him of plagiarising Hegel. They ignore, if they ever knew, that his great work was, as Engels, the co-discoverer of "The Materialistic Conception of History," writes, that "The dialectic of Hegel was (by Marx) turned upside down, or rather it was placed upon its feet instead of on its head where it was standing before." The reversing of this Hegel philosophy made clear that the world was not the ready made stable system previously thought but a complexity made up of evolutionary processes, the basis of the process being economic. His discovery of the "law of value" made clear how wealth is accumulated. He showed in "Das Kapital" how the workers and nature produced the wealth of the world. His analysis laid bare the past as a struggle between classes for supremacy. He raised socialism from the Utopian vapouring of sentimentalists and humanitarian dreamers of the brotherhood of man type, placing it upon a scientific basis and showing it to be inevitable, the next step that society must take in its ever onward march.

The few mistakes Marx made in his forecast of the development of the capitalistic system are mere trifles compared with his marvellous prediction of the concentration of capital in fewer and fewer hands. He foresaw the corporation and

W. Clarke ..	0 10 0
T. W. Martins ..	5 14 11
Australian Coal and Shale E. Federation ..	0 5 0
Emmett Lynch ..	1 13 0
Per Mr. McNamara— Friend ..	0 2 6
Dave Nicol ..	0 10 0
Friend ..	0 1 0
M. Abel ..	0 1 0

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WYATT JONES, Hon. Sec.

THAMES AND THE RHINE.

BY REQUEST.

Two babes were born one summer morn,
They came with love, divine;
And a mother smiled by the river Thames,
And a mother smiled by the Rhine.

These children grew, so brave and true,
Each mother said, "How fine!"
And hearts were glad by the river Thames,
And hearts were glad by the Rhine.

But one sad day, so people say,
Their rulers tried to slay;
And one lad heard the call by the Thames,
And the other the call by the Rhine.

These two brave sons, they raised their
guns,
As they marched in untried hours;
And a mother sighed by the river Thames,
And a mother sighed by the Rhine.

On the battle plain, where the bullets
rain,
These lads formed into files;
And hearts were sad by the river Thames,
And hearts were sad by the Rhine.

They took their sight in the latter light,
Their aim was really true;
And a mother prayed by the river Thames,
And a mother prayed by the Rhine.

Two noble sons fell by their guns,
Their names in glory shine;
And a mother weeps by the river Thames,
And a mother weeps by the Rhine.

So the Thames so fine and the river Rhine
Flow into the same great sea;
And they seem to say as they kiss the
spray—

"IF MEN WERE AS WISE AS WE!"
—Fred. Easton in London "Herald."

trusts, and predicted the final end of State control, preceding the revolution that would place the community as a whole in possession of the economic forces of society.

Marx's contempt for the "vulgarising pedlars" of his day, with their meaningless vapourings about eternal truths, was perfectly justified. The breed still exist, obeying their "master's voice," and preaching and writing the usual cant about the beauty of our civilisation, the glories of the wage system and all the other piffle trotted out by the capitalistic hirelings.

Karl Marx has long since gone to rest, buried in an obscure cemetery in London. No colossal monument marks his last resting place, only a mean tombstone with a few almost obliterated letters mark the spot where his body was laid. Yet there is no doubt his wish was, not that he should be honored by a gorgeous pile of masonry such as is often erected to the so-called great men, but that material expression should be given to his clarion call, "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains!" Such was his wish, and the unity of the workers would be a monument in keeping with the self sacrifice of his life.

The trumpet call of the great criminal has been responded to. In all countries of the world, the workers are by economic pressure giving expression to the philosophy of the old revolutionist. In Russia we have the first fruits of the social harvest which when garnered will justify the forecast of Marx. State control, the last despairing effort of the capitalist class, is gradually being forced upon society. Its reign will be of short duration: after that the deluge, upon the crest of which will be borne the forecast that will establish the co-operative commonwealth, thus realising the prediction of the genius who was branded by society as a great criminal.—Exchange.

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The I.W.W. Cases.

BY MARCIA.

Sixteen months ago, twelve men, mem-
bers of an organisation known as the
I.W.W., were sentenced to long terms of
imprisonment for crimes alleged to have
been committed by them.At the time many people were confi-
dent that the whole business was a gigan-
tic frame up, and thousands were ready
to sympathise with and assist the depen-
dents of the victims, notwithstanding the
lurid headlines in the press, and the
crimes which the latter laid to the charge
of the organisation to which they be-
longed.But being convinced of a fact is one
thing, and proving it another; and after
a few months a great number gave
hope, and allowed their agitation to
cease.A few, however, said little and accom-
plished much, and after months of hard
work and investigations, have boldly and
definitely stated that the whole business
WAS a frame up; have charged the
police with being responsible for it, and
produced statements from the principal
witness for the prosecution, wherein the
latter emphatically says that he swore
falsely at the trial, and actually learned
his evidence from documents supplied by
the police.In the face of this and other evidence
submitted by members of the committee,
banded together to release the twelve
men; the former demanded a Royal Com-
mission which would thoroughly investi-
gate and sift the matter to the bottom;
confident that the result would be the
opening of the prison doors and the free-
dom of the men.However, the Government has not seen
fit to grant this, alleging that the evi-
dence submitted is insufficient to warrant
it, although they have decided to grant
an inquiry into the charges made against
the police in connection with the cases.Mr. Hall gives the following as the
reason for this decision:—Mr. Hall referred to-day to the con-
tention that the Royal Commission should
investigate the conviction of the I.W.W.
incendiaries."There is no reason why the I.W.W.
prisoners should receive any different
treatment from that which is extended to
any other person," he said."The practice which has ruled for
many years is that inquiries after con-

"THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST."

Does the "I.S." suit you? Do you
think it is doing good work, Do you
wish to see the good work continue, If
so, show your appreciation and assist by
getting subscribers, also donations to our
Press Fund.The only working class paper is a
Socialist paper. The "International
Socialist" is admittedly one of the best.Victims are not held unless there was
first some fresh evidence throwing doubt
upon the correctness of the jury's ver-
dict. So far, although it is alleged that
such evidence is in existence, we have
been unable to induce those who say they
have it to let us see it."The Government offered that if this
evidence was disclosed to Mr. Garland
and myself no other persons would be
permitted to see it."All requests in this connection have
been refused, and we are left to-day with
many assurances of the innocence of some
of these prisoners, but with absolutely no
evidence of it.If then, Mr. Hall states, there is no
evidence of importance to hand, why the
necessity of a Royal Commission to en-
quire into charges made against the
police?

The latter are:—

That they deliberately framed up a
case against 12 men, and bribed persons
to bear false witness against them.This is a serious and terrible charge,
and if true would go far towards proving
the men innocent; then if the evidence
forthcoming is sufficient an enquiry into
this charge, surely it is sufficient to ex-
tend it into an investigation into the
conviction of the 12 men.For reasons best to themselves, the Gov-
ernment do not want and don't intend to
grant an inquiry into the convictions of
these men, if they can possibly help it, and
it is up to all members of the working
class to agitate until they cannot help it.Remember, thousands of workers at the
magnificent meeting held in the Sydney
Town Hall, pledged themselves to do
all in their power to assist in this cause.It is a vital necessity that it should be
seen into; both for the sake of the men
lying in gaol and for the community in
general.The police rise in their righteous indig-
nation that anyone should dare to make
charges against THEM; and immediately
investigations should take place. Yet 12
innocent men may suffer victimisation,
and the same privilege be refused to
them. Certainly these happenings make
us look round and ask ourselves whose
turn will come next. There are many
men and women who are endeavouring to
uplift the workers from their state of
slavery, and to tell them how they are
robbed and enslaved by the master class.If tyranny like this is to reign sup-
reme, if justice is prostituted and made
a byword of, there is nothing to prevent
all militant agitators being cast into
gaol on false charges; or anyone whom
those in power desire to put out of the
way.The Australian worker prides himself
on his love of fair play; now then is the
time to show it, and act up to it.Some clever people writing to the daily
press allege that because certain individ-
uals belonging to the I.W.W. suffered the
full penalty for crimes, the whole organi-
sation, including the imprisoned men, is
corrupt and criminal.Comment on such absurdities is almost
needless. Individuals belonging to the
State, church, the legal fraternity, the
military, and presumably the POLICE,
have been guilty of crimes; are then these
institutions a mass of corrupted men and
criminals?Such letters are written by biased men
with distorted minds, and should be
looked upon as such.Twelve working class men are in gaol,
presumably innocent.Whatever our opinions or theirs may
be, they are members of our class, and it
is up to us to do our best to see that the
whole business is thrashed out and every
point in connection with it exposed to the
light of day.

Slams and Jabs.

By JAYBES.

It is obvious to anyone who under-
stands the class war that any political
party, if it is going to be of any real
benefit to the working class, must have as
its foundation a sound industrial organi-
sation based on the class struggle to en-
force its demands. All the politicians in
the world, no matter how good inten-
tioned they might be, could do NOTHING
for the working class unless the workers,
by virtue of their industrial organisation,
were first prepared to DEMAND and
keep on demanding. Capitalism isn't the
proverbial Sabbath school of philan-
thropy. When they "part up" it is be-
cause there is no other way out of it; and
should they suddenly become "kindly of
heart" and dole out a few cheap pallia-
tives it is because they are desirous of ob-
scuring the real issue—the abolition of
the system of exploitation.Were half the power that holds the world
in terror,Were half the wealth bestowed on camps
and courts,Given to redeem the human mind from
error,There'd be no need for arsenals and forts.
—Longfellow.While millions of men are at one an-
other's throats, empires are crumbling,
thrones are in the melting pot and kings
daily expecting their walking ticket, we
find Billy Hughes, the ex-renovator of
dilapidated bums, amusing a horde
of political parasites in a mock trial
while on board the steamer that was tak-
ing him to England. Under the non-de-
plumbe of O. U. Pennysnatcher (it ought
to have been body-snatcher) he appeared
as counsel for Dukeine Diddums against
Horace Augustus Fitzmorus, Joeock,
the ex-miner, was one of the jury.This "mock" trial was no more a mock-
ery than the mouthings of the Prime Min-
ister when he told the working class of
Australia that they were needed to fight
for democracy. Hughes knows it's a
joke on the workers, but we feel that
it's gone too far, and if we get half a
chance are out to expose it.The flying of the Red Flag is the topic
of the hour. The acting Prime Minister
sent a letter to the Trades Hall Council
(Melbourne) asking that they reconsider
their previous intention to fly the flag
every day in the week. The President of
the T.H.C. replied through the Melbourne
"Herald". He is one of the Socialist (?)
brand of which we have been forced to
write quite frequently of late—we leave
you to judge for yourselves from the fol-
lowing gem of international thought:
"The question of the equality of the Red
Flag with our national flag has not been,
and will not be, called into question by
us, for while the one expresses our as-
pirations for the future the other exem-
plifies our present duty to our country
and our race."Seeing that even those who pose as
Socialists without apparently understand-
ing what it means, are apologising for
the international flag of the browbeaten
proletariat and presenting any other as
representing our duty to OUR (?) coun-
try we take this opportunity of setting
our wayward friends on the right track.
For this we have no apologies to offer.An open letter to Hon. W. Watt and
for the guidance of the weak-kneed mem-
bers of the Melbourne Trades Hall Coun-
cil.

Sir,—

As the acting executive of a pluto-
cratic Government we are not in the least
astonished at your objection to the flying
of a flag symbolic of the downfall of Cap-
italism and the inauguration of the Indus-
trial Republic of Labor. Flags of all
nations are national flags. Workers of
all nations are robbed under all existing
flags. That being so the economic inter-
ests of the working class are interna-
tional, and we choose as our symbol the
Red Flag representing the flowing crim-
son blood of humanity. You claim that
the flying of the Red Flag is an indignity
to those who are fighting for liberty. In
this Mr. Watt you make the fatal mis-
take. We who are international in spirit
and revolutionary in character are fight-
ing for a LIBERTY, too great for shall-
ow minds to conceive of,—UNDER THE
RED FLAG. Your mind dwarfed by polit-
ical meanderings and capitalistic domi-
nation seems too meagre to comprehend theINDUSTRIAL INTERNATIONALITY
of the world's toiling millions, who have
waded through rivers of blood and oceans
of tears, exploited by national patriots—
who you represent, Mr. Watt—living in
abject penury, deprived of the products
their labor creates, they seek a greater
grander and nobler symbol of liberty
than can possibly be embodied in any flag
now flying: hence the RED FLAG. We
do not deny you the right to interpret
the meaning of the word liberty and we
demand the right to present our inter-
pretation to the masses you are attempting
to fool. LIBERTY to us means that we
shall have all the good things our joint
social labor creates; it means the social
ownership of the tools of production and
democratic industrial control. It means
that every unit in society shall have ac-
cess to science, literature, music, art and
travel. It means equal of opportunity. It
means equality of opportunity. It means
INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL DE-
MOCRACY. Under the crimson banner
millions of men and women the world
over are organised for the overthrow of
the social chaos caused by capitalism.
Flags are only worth what they stand
for—THE RED FLAG IS OUR FLAG, it
is the only one that represents OUR ma-
terial interests as workers.The retiring President of the Asso-
ciated Chambers of Commerce speaking
at a dinner in Brisbane last week had the
following to say (no doubt over an oys-
ter cocktail):—"I hope that the good sense of the
people of Queensland and other States
will so impress these thoughtless ones,
and so inspire with fear those disloyal
ones, that the flag—the symbol that
has brought Russia to a state of paralysis
and bloody ruin—would be hauled down,
and our flag, the flag of Empire, take its
place."There you have it! The cat is out of
the bag. This toff represents the class
who are organised in Australia to fight
the working class when they want more
food, clothing and shelter for the wives
and kiddies. The "state of paralysis and
bloody ruin" in Russia is simply the
bloody ruin of that beastly cut-throat
system where this fellow's class has the
right and privilege to retain the greater
portion of the products of the working
class. He proves the above assertion that
the "flag of the empire" is the flag of
the class who rob labor in industry. We
have his own word for it, at any rate.Under
socialism there will be no blood-letting.
No more war or social vultures who bat-
ten and fatten on the agonies of igno-
rance. No more coatless men, or hungry
women selling their souls for bread. No
more starving children or social destitu-
tion.The workers will then be masters of
the situation through socially owning
and operating the things socially neces-
sary for the well being of mankind. It
won't come from the skies though; you
must organise industrially if you wish to
be prepared. The W.I.L.U. offers you the
solution, why not link up to-day?When the news arrived in Australia
that the Allies had entered Soissons the
members of the Stock Exchange tossed
their chimney pot hats in the air and
stopped gambling in the surplus value of
the working class to sing a few verses of
the various national anthems.For the steenth time the ex-Czar has
been assassinated by the Bolsheviks. Soon
we will be wondering if the late Moscow
butcher was a man or a cat.Just as Industrial Socialism is on the
increase the political Socialist is on the
wane. The French Industrialists who be-
lieve in revolutionary political action are
going to oppose any further war credits.
We have been unable to get any news
through lately from France relative to the
class war, but we see now that the world
movement is growing everywhere.The people who stand for peace and
oppose war now-a-days have, according
to Professor Farnam, professor of Econo-
mics in Yale University, "sinister mo-
tives." He even goes the length of say-
ing that they endanger the lives of our
boys. It seems to me the Professor rea-
sons badly. If men are sent to war their
lives will be in more danger. We expect
the Professor and Sammie Gompers will
soon be in the firing line—not near the
front where most writers and lecturers
will go for their experience—then we
may listen to their ramblings, but not
before.

Liberty.

(E. A. SINCLAIR.)

If there is anything of value it is liberty—liberty of body, liberty of mind. The liberty of body is the reward of labor.

Intellectual liberty is the air of the soul, the sunshine of the mind, and without it the world is a prison, the universe a dungeon.

—Ingersoll.

The words of the great American orator and freethinker, Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, rings just as true to-day as on the day they were uttered.

There is just as much need for liberty of thought and action in order to bring about a display of the finer arts, the nobler ideals and the loftier ideas of mankind now as they ever was in the history of our race.

For lack of this liberty every civilized country grows beneath a load of oppression. Millions of men, women and children are daily done to death.

The grandest brains and greatest intellects are stilled in their infancy owing to the want of opportunity. Opportunity to exercise those brains with which nature has endowed them. While all the while those most unfitted for the position are occupying places of power and affluence.

In a world gone mad through its war lust, the most magnificent ideals, and the loftiest aspirations are prohibited, by force, brutal force, from being promulgated.

Men are being dragged against their will into the firing line. Tiny children, tender women, and cheap imported labor fills their places in the factories. So, too, in Germany the Karl Liebknechts, the Rosa Luxemburges, and the thousands of others who have heroically come forth in the face of the almost overwhelming power of force and tyranny to propound the doctrine that all working men are, and should act, as brothers. That they have no quarrel with the working men of other lands. All, all, have been and are being persecuted for their opinions.

England, too, has contributed, perhaps, more than her quota by her brutal treatment of those who either believed that Christ really meant what he said in the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," or who for matters of commonsense, or whose very being revolted against the hideousness of taking human life refused to be driven to the slaughter.

What punishments: what cruelties and barbarities have the tyrants of almost every land perpetrated upon those who dared espouse the cause of liberty. And in this Australia has not lagged behind the rest, in proportion to her population.

Those who took an active part in the recent Anti-Conscription Campaigns well remember how every utterance of those who spoke on behalf of the working class was taken down.

And in the face of all these outrages upon liberty we have the glib politician prating that it is all done to make the world safe for democracy. Well might we say with Madame Roland, "Liberty, oh Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy sacred name."

What aim—what object can these people have in crushing, or rather in trying to crush the opinions of people other than the object of profit?

Profits wrung from the agonies of the nation. For through all the dark ages that have passed all their tyranny all their brutal deeds have availed them nothing.

The belief of man cannot be altered by the dungeon, the rack or the stake.

You may compel a man to say he has altered his opinion, but that only makes him a liar and hypocrite, belief is something voluntary, something that cannot be eradicated by oppression. All the laws that were ever passed, all the armies that ever functioned, all the despots that ever lived could not convince people that two and two was ever anything else than four, or that the shortest distance between two points was other than a straight line.

So it is that all the War Precautions Acts and Illegal Associations Bills, all

My Daily Bread.

By Brunway.

I might have got a job that same day, but the labor agency chap wanted fifteen bob for it, and I didn't have fifteen bob. It's the same with everything—a man is always wanting to buy the thing that he can't pay for.

It seems rummy when you come to think that you have to pay a chap a sum of money to let you work. I see men doing this every day, and some of them, I know, don't like work at all. But let that go for the present—I was going to write about that day when I nearly got a job.

It was in the summer time, and the day had been very hot; I strolled, into the park and found a shady tree under which grew a patch of green grass. Down I went full stretch. I had no paper to read—had not been lucky enough to find one on any of the seats I had passed, and to buy one was out of the question. Times were bad just then; in fact, "times" always are bad as far as the casual or "common" laborer is concerned.

However, I wasn't broke altogether; I had sixpence stowed away in my pocket. But I couldn't break into that to buy a paper, because if I did I would be a penny short of one day nearer to the fasting period. I believe thoroughly in the "fasting cure," and I always take it on when I am broke. Sixpence wasn't much, certainly, but I knew where I could get two very good counter lunches if I bought a pint of shandy for three-pence, so sixpence, in that case, meant two days' tucker. What about my bed? Well, I had not been indulging in beds for the past three nights—what was wrong with sleeping in the open, anyway? I've heard of men with lots of money advocating open air sleeping. Of course, if you have plenty of money and sleep in the open air you are not so likely to get pinched as you would be if you had none. But, anyway, what's the use of buying a cheap bed for the night? The last time I had bought one I did not sleep much in it: the bugs wouldn't let me. I went to the chap who kept the place and asked him to give me my money back, and he said that it was not "customary" to give the money back. So I went to the room again and stopped up all night killing the bugs.

I killed 300 by morning, and I thought I had done good work, and I wanted to be paid for it, but the chap that kept the

the gaolings, imprisonments, and bludgeonings will never convince the intelligent members of the working class that this is a war for the liberty of small nations, or for the purpose of making the world safe for democracy.

True, they may be put off for a moment, as it were, the downfall of the present system. True, they may by their campaigns of tyranny keep back for a short while the true expression of liberty, but they cannot prevent the inevitable downfall of capitalism, nor can they stop the onward sweeping march of Socialism.

For although liberty is as yet but an ideal rather than a reality—a fair, but fleeting, vision which has so long evaded the outstretched arms of its pursuers.

It must be remembered that time and time again when the soldiers of freedom have been upon the verge of capturing the Gibraltars of the enemy; again and again the tyrant has shifted his ground.

And the conflict has broken out afresh in some unexpected locality, and so the battle has been handed down from generation to generation, with its accompanying sorrows and sufferings, its privations and self-sacrifices. Until now, amid the dim roar of the distant cannon, amid the stench and steam of the battle can be seen the signs and portents of Socialism.

Socialism, which means liberty of thought and action, liberty of mind and body, liberty to do and say, liberty to have homes and firesides, liberty to eat, drink and be clothed.

So working men of all lands and climes wherever you are, whether in Germany, France, or Australia, England, Italy or Belgium, in short, if you are one of the oppressed members of this insane system, your one and only hope lies in the speedy consummation of the ideals of Socialism. Those ideals which stand as the finger posts pointing to the royal road to Liberty.

place said it was not "customary" to pay the lodgers for killing the bugs. He said I killed the bugs for my own comfort, anyway. And he said that he didn't "force" me to kill the bugs.

"If the bugs bites a man," said he, "a man is duty bound to kill 'em."

"If he can catch 'em," said I.

"Yes," said he, "if he can catch 'em." It was no use arguing with this chap—after all I suppose he was only trying to make his living, and had to do that, bugs or no bugs.

But I am getting off the track of what I started out to say—it's a "di-gression," so I will get back.

Well, I lay down in the shade of that tree, and was just beginning to think about all the good feeds of roast mutton and kangaroo I used to have when I was out on the Darling River.

I was just feeling full and comfortable through thinking so much of the grub, when up comes another chap and lays on the grass near me. He was a man of average height and middle age, with a "bluff red face," and with kind little blue eyes set well back in his head. His nose was not unlike a strawberry.

After he settled himself down he pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and began to read it. He noticed me looking at the paper, too, so he gave me a sheet of it for myself.

"Thanks," I said.

"Happiest moment of my life to oblige you," he said.

We had not been reading very long when another chap walked up and said, "Hem!" so as we would notice him. We both looked up, and the chap that had given me the paper said:

"Oh! Hello! How are you Grimsad?"

He was a "grim" and a "sad" enough looking chap. He was awful thin. "Grimsad" seemed to be an appropriate name for him. This thin young chap put his right hand to his chest, looked up into the sky, shook his head sadly and said: "Indigestion."

"Hum," said the other chap.

"It's always there!" said Grimsad.

"It's a cruel thing; I have suffered with it myself," replied the other. "Sit down, Grimsad."

Mr. Grimsad laid down.

"I'll give you my advice about it," said the other chap. "My advice is that you keep strictly off meat pies and cheap pastry; don't eat meat at all in the evening—take long breaths of fresh air, and have a good walk every night after tea; smoke as little as possible, and don't on any account smoke directly after meals; never drink with your meals, and not for a half hour after; stand off alcohol and patent medicines; laugh every time there's anything to laugh at—laugh with your mouth open wide, and your chest expanded—get clean out of yourself and sympathise with the sufferings of others: in a word, jump about and roll now and again. I charge nothing for this advice—the doctors up there in Macquarie street would collect 2/ from you if they told you as much."

The chap called Grimsad shook his head and smiled in a lonely sort of way and said, "Nothing matters."

The most striking feature about this young chap was his nose. I don't think there is many noses about like his. It was not its shape that struck me, but its expression. It was a nose with an indifferent, far away kind of look about it.

The other chap now leaned on his elbow and looked earnestly into the eyes of this Grimsad man. "There now!" he said, "that is the cause of your indigestion. You get up too high in the air, and it suffocates you. You must come down and get in touch with the dirt!"

"I hate it!" said the melancholy one—"I hate all the paltry vanity that exists under our present system. I love to imagine, and live in the glorious state that is coming. This state, this social system, is no good to me, and so far as I am concerned, nothing matters."

"Look here!" said his friend, "everything matters! It's because you are up in the air that you think otherwise. You want another state of society, but you stop in the air while others fight for it. Well, you will have to come down to the ground and analyse things here. This world is yours—it is the one you exist in, anyhow, and you may curse it if you like, but that won't shift you out of it, and if you don't like the social system, you must work with others to change it. If you want another system cut in and help to lay the foundation stone on which to build it."

The sad chap was silent. He lay flat on his stomach and picked blades of grass and chewed them.

The optimistic chap took a penknife out of his pocket and began stabbing the ground with the open blade.

The sad chap after a while dropped his face on to his arm and fell asleep. The other one, a few minutes later, fell

Education Ends.

By WM. E. GAY.

Where the School Boys Go

Of 4521 boys who left the State Primary Schools last year to go to work, 3336 were under 14 years of age.

No fewer than 1216 went to factories or mines and unskilled occupations.

Of 699 who left the High Schools, 125 were under 14. Only 61 of the 699 went on to the University, and 43 to the Teachers' College.—Extracts from "Sun," 28th July, 1918.

The above appearing in the capitalist press as it does should be an eye opener for any thinking wage worker. It shows there is something wrong somewhere, and, furthermore, it stands as a monument to what the capitalist system does for the working class.

There is no doubt that for the great majority the primary education, such as it is, has ended.

But what we of the working class want to know is why children have to leave school before their bones have properly set, and go down into the bowels of the earth to toil and sweat like beasts of burden.

If it is not down in the mine then it is running about the street selling newspapers, or as carters, assistants, or in an industrial hell of some description. Yes, the question is, why?

We of the working class know the reason only too well. We know that there are more men than jobs going, and that spells unemployment for a lot of workers.

We know that the machine has enabled a woman to compete with many men for jobs, and we also know that child labor is cheaper than adult.

These along with other causes drive the working class to withdraw their children from school at an early age to help keep the "home" together.

Fellow workers, this state of affairs must be stopped, it can be stopped, and it will be stopped by the workers waking up to their position in society and organising into one great union on the industrial field on lines as laid down by the Workers' International Industrial Union, and on the political field under the banner of a distinct revolutionary political party.

With the object of taking over the industries and running them for use instead of for profit.

When this is done the education of a child will not end at 14 or 14½ years of age, but instead he will go on acquiring knowledge as long as he feels disposed to, owing to the fact that under a sane system mankind would not be locked up toiling 9 or 10 hours a day as at present.

Fellow workers, I again appeal to you to give your children a fair deal, and this can only be done by defeating your enemies, the capitalist class.

You cannot do it by being split up into craft unions or by being led by politicians. But you can do it by organising into the W.I.U., which believes in political action, and in the words of William Morris, the Socialist poet:

And shall they be betrayed, as worse? Come, then, let us cast off fooling, and put by ease and rest.

For the cause alone is worthy, all the good days brings the best!

Ah, come, cast off all fooling, for this at least we know

That the dawn of the day is coming, and forth the banners go.

off to sleep, too, and began to snore quietly.

They must have slept for an hour, and then a breeze sprang up and blew an old piece of paper around the older man's boot. He sat up and began to rub his eyes. He was awake. Then he tapped the bare head of his friend, who was still sleeping there with his hat off and his face resting on his arm. He continued to tap the back of that gentleman's head with his knuckles until he woke him up. They now both rose to their feet. The optimistic chap stretched out his arms and opened his mouth wide and yawned comfortably; but the Grimsad one only struck his chest two or three blows with his clenched fist and sighed painfully.

Then they went off together.

I thought, as I watched them going down the path, that both their chaps, judging from their remarks, were Socialists. But they were of two distinct types. One was a visionary pessimist, dead, do-nothing, watch-and-wait kind of Socialist, while the other was a practical, optimistic, animated, give-us-something-kind of chap.

"THE SLAVE MARKET."

I stopped one morning outside the office of the boss, and being curious I listened to what was being said. I heard the following conversation:—

Boss: And is this the first place you have come to?

Stranger: No; I have tried all over this morning, but there is nothing doing. All the shops are full up.

Boss: How long have you been trying to sell this commodity?

Stranger: For six weeks now; I have gone without meals for days, and I'm weeks behind with my rent. For God's sake give it a chance.

Boss: Have you any papers relating to the quality, etc., of this commodity?

Stranger: I have several. They all testify that it is a smooth working tool. Always obedient to the touch of the owner.

Boss: H'm, that's all right. But the price is rather high. I can get it cheaper.

Stranger: But I am married. God, you don't know what it is to have a wife and child pining for want of food.

Boss: Tut-tut, no sentiment, please. How old are you?

Stranger: Twenty-five.

Boss: You are very young to be married. You should have waited until you get more for this commodity.

Stranger: Well, won't you give me a chance? What will you give me?

Boss: £12 a month.

Stranger: That will hardly keep us in comfort. Make it £15. We can just exist on that.

Boss: I am sorry, but these are my terms. I will buy the commodity you have for sale, although I could get it cheaper.

Stranger: Yes, single men.

Boss: That is no concern of yours. I have had several men here this morning with the same goods. Take my offer, or leave it.

Stranger: Take it or starve. All right, I accept.

Boss: Be here at 8 in the morning, and mind you, everybody here works!

I wondered what was being sold, and on a young man coming out of the office I asked him what he sold to the chief. He looked at me rather angrily and then said with a bitter laugh: "I have been in the slave market, haggling with a beast over the market price of my flesh and blood. What did you think I was selling? Hair pins?"

(The above conversation, with slight alteration can be applied to the sale of woman and child labor, sermons, plays, needles, guns, rubber goods and bibles.)
—Exchange.

DECREE OF HAROUN-AL RASHHUES, SULTAN OF FURTHER ASIA, TO HIS SUBJECTS BELOVED AND OTHERWISE.

"In the name of Me; Amen.—

"I Haroun-al-Rashhues, Commander of the Faithful, do this day command all those who would live in peace and prosperity within my dominions that they observe and carry to completion the following regulations:—

(1) "That they do not in thought, word or deed transgress the statutes already made, and the statutes to be made in the near future. Furthermore, it has come to my knowledge that certain disaffected elements having questioned my wisdom and sown dissension amongst my subjects and scornfully lampooned my august name, it has been found necessary to check their pernicious activities. Therefore, be it ordained—

(2) "That all citizens must without delay procure a reliable portrait of their Sultan whose decree this is, and that the said portrait of their divinely inspired Commander be displayed in a prominent place in their households to be venerated and worshipped with due reverence, as was done in the case of my regal ancestors, the Caesars of ancient Rome.

(3) "That statues of the divine one, aforementioned in clause four, be erected in all cities, towns, villages, hamlets, farmhouses and cross roads within my dominions, and also at the entrance to all schools, colleges, churches and courts of

A. S. P. NEWS AND NOTES.

BARRIER BRANCH.

Lecture in the Socialist Hall are still continuing successful with interesting lectures and large audiences.

Recently Com. Thomas spoke on "War and the Workers." He delivered his address to a good crowd, and an animated discussion followed.

Last Sunday week Miss A. Coogan lectured on "Women, Past and Present." At the conclusion of the lecture questions were asked, and an interesting discussion ensued.

Literature sales still continue brisk, in spite of widespread unemployment.
—Press Correspondent.

CORRIMAL BRANCH.

We had Comrades Mrs. Montgomery, of The Women's Peace Army, and W. J. Jeffery, of the Socialist Labor Party with us on Saturday, 20th, under the auspices of the Freedom of Speech Committee. We had a fair attendance considering the short notice we had. Comrade Browne occupied the chair, and after a short address introduced Comrade Jeffery, who soon got down to business. He pointed out that it was a deplorable state of affairs when individuals had to stomp the country to try and waken up the workers to the fact that their most cherished treasure, freedom of discussion, is being interfered with; and if we did not assert our rights we would soon be pushed back to the old days of chattel slavery, in spite of the blood that had been shed to gain them.

Comrade Jeffery gave some brief sketches of the trials and sufferings of these heroic and heroines, ancient and modern, who have been burned at the stake, hung by the neck, shot and rotted in prison, to gain for us these very liberties which we in the enlightened 20th century are allowing the employing class of this and all other countries to wrest from our grasp, instead of adding to these liberties by proper organisation. Comrade Jeffery had a splendid hearing.

Comrade Browne then introduced Mrs. Montgomery, who opened her discourse by making a special appeal to the women of whom we had a fair crowd. Her discourse took the form of a lecture on "Tolerance." She emphasised the fact that any person who had an opinion, and did not voice that opinion, was a hypocrite, and a menace to society; she also quoted a few pages from past history, dealing with points that are established facts to-day, and showing how the first discoverers of these same facts had been persecuted for their opinions, and how some of the greatest scientific discoveries had lain dormant for centuries through the intolerance of the churches and rulers. She said she loved Australia, and wanted to see it, the finest country in the world, an "Established Co-operative Commonwealth."

Comrade Browne took up a collection at the close of the address.

On Sunday, 21st, Comrades Mrs. Montgomery, Browne and E. Jeffery held a meeting at Thirroul, and had a fair attendance, considering the inclemency of the weather. The Thirroul committee engaged the Kiosk for the occasion.

Next Saturday, 27th, and Sunday, 28th,

law, so that appropriate feelings of respect, reverence and veneration be cultivated in the minds of my subjects towards their divinely inspired and appointed ruler who by virtue of his exalted position partakes himself of divinity.

"To ensure that the commands above set forth are duly honored and respected and executed in complete harmony with my desires, I have ordered the establishment of a special police force to be called the Sultan's Guard who shall obey my orders exclusively.
I have spoken—"

Signed with the Sultan's Signature and Sealed with the Sacred Seal of the Great Tiger.

(Translated from the original after much prayer and fasting and with vast humility and overshadowing reverence by the devout subject—F. Sutherland.)

The Workers' International Industrial Union.



PREAMBLE.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who made up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the toilers come together on the political field under the banner of a distinct revolutionary political party governed by the workers class interests, and on the industrial field under the banner of One Great Industrial Union to take and hold all means of production and distribution, and to run them for the benefit of all wealth producers.

The rapid gathering of wealth and the concentration of the management of industries into fewer hands make the trades union unable to cope with the evergrowing power of the employing class, because the trades unions foster a state of things which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. The trades unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These sad conditions must be changed, the interests of the working-class upheld, and while the capitalist rule still prevails all possible relief for the workers must be secured. That can only be done by an organisation aiming steadily at the complete overthrow of the capitalist wage system, and formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lock-out is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

For further information write to the—
**GENERAL SEC. TREASURER, W.I.U.,
HATTE'S ARCADE, KING ST., NEW-TOWN, SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

We have booked Comrades Reardon and Drew for the South Coast, when we expect to get some good work done. This branch has been asked by special request to open at Thirroul on Saturday, and Stanwell Park on Sunday, so if it suits our speakers we have decided to comply with this request, as these are good centres for propaganda work. We have been trying to extend our branch in these directions, also the sale of our paper, but we have not met with much success so far, owing to being handicapped for want of a few local speakers.
ROBERT BLAIR.

FREE SPEECH COMMITTEE OF N.S.W.

Income by donations, etc., July 27th:—	
Previously acknowledged ..	£46 5 5 1/2
Literature Sales ..	5 15 9
Domain collection, June 30th ..	11 1 6
" " July 7th ..	15 12 7
" " July 14th ..	4 2 2
Municipal Employees ..	7 12 0
By Subscription List—	
D. Lamb, No. 35 ..	9 2 0
J. Davidson, No. 60 ..	3 0 5
A. W. Marks, No. 66 ..	2 0 6
P. O'Connor, by letter P.O. ..	0 12 3
W. Layley, No. 69 ..	1 0 1
C. Wynter, No. 80 ..	1 3 0
J. T. Maiden, No. 85 ..	7 19 6
F. J. O'Brien, No. 86 ..	7 15 6
Frank Hall, No. 112 ..	3 7 0
C. G. Kelly, No. 149 ..	2 0 0
J. A. Brown, Corrimal and Thirroul ..	1 13 8
P. Seydler ..	1 3 0
P. O'Malley ..	2 4 0
T. Griffin ..	2 0 0
M. Bannister ..	0 5 0
T. Johnson ..	1 11 0
M. Woodbury ..	4 8 6
G. Washington ..	4 10 0
W. O. Haberdash ..	0 10 0
Total ..	£146 14 8 1/2

W. I. I. U. Local No. 2

**Will hold Social and Dance
In A. S. P. Hall
47 Victoria St. Melbourne,
August 28th.**

**In Aid of
LITERATURE PROPAGANDA FUND.**
Tickets 1s. Dancing 8 till 11 p.m.

"Come, then, cast off fooling.
And put by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy,

SOCIALIST HALL 369 Pitt Street.

DANCE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

LECTURE EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

TO UNATTACHED SUPPORTERS.

Whoever you are, if you believe in Scientific Socialism, you must recognise the need for organisation. Why not set a good example to the workers whom you come in contact with, and whom we know you try to educate, by joining up with the A.S.P.

If there is no BRANCH in your locality, you can become a MEMBER AT LARGE, and thus become a REAL LIVE WIRE.

For further information, drop a line to the General Secretary, A.S.P., 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

BRANCH DIRECTORY.

Any branch desiring matter published under the above heading, should write clearly what is needed, and forward same to this office.

BROKEN HILL.

Socialist Hall, Sulphide St.

All rebels making their way to the "Hill" will receive a welcome at the above address.
Every Sunday morning: Lectures.
Every Sunday night, 7.30: Lectures.
Study course of Scientific Socialism.
Every Thursday night, 7.30.
Public Speaker Class.
Good Library for Members!

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Rebels on the South Coast, come along and link up with a scientific working-class organisation. A welcome awaits you.
Meetings every back Sunday, 2 p.m.
E. R. BROWNE, Secretary.
Railway Street, Corrimal.

IPSWICH BRANCH.

Branch meets Wednesday, Socialist Hall, Brisbane street. Out-door propaganda, Friday evenings Q. T. corner. Library for members.
P. STALKER, Secretary.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

47 Victoria St., Melbourne.
Library and Reading Room for members.
Lectures held every Sunday Evening.
SPEAKERS' CLASS EVERY THURSDAY EVENING.

NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Hall: Hatte's Arcade, King St., Newtown.
Library for Members.
Business meeting held alternate Thursday evening.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Hall: 369 Pitt St., City.
Library for members.
Lecture every Sunday evening.
Debating class held every Monday evening.
Business meeting every alternate Thursday evening.
Dance every Friday evening.

THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION. (Australian Administration) Hatte's Arcade, King St., Newtown, N.S.W.

RECRUITING LOCAL No. 1.

MEETS ALTERNATE MONDAYS EVENINGS, HATTE'S ARCADE, KING ST., NEWTOWN.

RECRUITING LOCAL No. 2.

**Meets alternate Wednesday EVENINGS,
47 VICTORIA ST., MELBOURNE.**

RECRUITING LOCAL No. 3.

**MEETS ALTERNATE SUNDAYS,
3 p.m., WONTHAGGI.**

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